

Road Trip by beratings

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Summary:

In which Billy and Jane go on a short trip through the empty back roads of Hawkins, Indiana.

Road Trip

The Camaro was buzzing as turn the sharp turn down a dirt road. Billy, his hand laid idly on my knee, suggested a road trip, so we left the quaint suburbs in favor of the vast country roads. I was folded up on the passenger side, left foot tucked under my butt, right leg bent and my arm resting on it. I was flipping through the stations of the radio, trying to find a song that matched the mood I was in. I sighed heavily and gave up after 5 minutes of garbage. I leaned back in my seat, the station I landed on was playing I Walk The Line by Johnny Cash, I saw Billy nodding his head to the beat.

"Nobody out here," He broke the silence, his fingers were tracing my knee, I nodded, leaning my head back and watching the road pass by us. His hand inched up to my thigh, I smirked. "With nobody on these roads, we could get away with anything."

With that he whipped the blue Camaro around, a shriek escaped my mouth as he proceeded to do donuts on the wide dirt road.

"BILLY!" I yelled, laughing and grabbing his arm. He straightened the car back out yelled back.

"WOO! NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GOOD TIME." He then pressed his foot down until the gas pedal was nearly touching the floor of his car, his eyes locked on mine, we sped up, 40, 55, 70, 90, and soon we were going 100. A feeling of terror swept over me before he let his foot off and we descended back down, I sighed, bringing my leg back up, resting it on the center console, his hand fell back into place, but this time much higher.

"Billy Hargrove, are you trying to get into my panties?" I asked with a laugh.

"Always, baby." He responded, looking over at me to wink.

His hand crept up to the edge of the shorts I was wearing, his fingers tracing my upper thigh, I shivered. The radio faded into I Got A Woman by Ray Charles, I didn't bother changing it. His fingers were unbuttoning my shorts as Ray Charles sang about his woman. I let a

small whimper slip out.

"What was that?" He asked, his smirk was growing into a full-blown smile.

"Billy," I whined.

His fingers were working their way down my shorts.

"So wet already," He muttered. "It doesn't take much, does it?"

"For you? Not at all," I bit my lip.

He slid a finger through the wetness and up to my clit, rubbing gently.

"Billy," I gasped.

"Ah-ah-ah. That's not my name, now, is it?" His voice was dark and it sent a cold chill down my spine.

I groaned pressing my hips forward. "No, daddy."

He let out a groan and his eyes locked on mine, still somehow driving in a straight line. I couldn't care less if we crashed, as long as he kept his hand on me. "That's better." And with that, his tempo quickened. A high-pitched moan slipped out of my mouth as I leaned my head back, my hips moving with his hands.

The radio was now playing Come Softly To Me by The Fleetwoods, accompanied by my held back moans.

Billy could sense I was holding back, watching me as I bit my lip. "This shit would sound better if those moans were louder." My breath hitched, I held it for a moment.

His fingers flicked my clit harder. "What did I just say, kitten? Moan for me."

I looked down watching his hand working away and groaned. "Daddy, I'm close."

I watched his face turn to pure pleasure as I called him by his favorite pet name.

"God, I love it when you call me that," His voice was rough. "Do you think you've been a good girl?"

I nodded vigorously.

"Should I let you cum?"

I nodded again, this time whimpering as his hand slowed.

"You aren't begging very hard for it." He said nonchalantly, turning his attention back to the empty road. "I love the way you look when you're close to cumming, I could watch it all day. Maybe I'll just keep you here, right on the edge." His finger slid down to my entrance, sliding in easily and crooking to hit just the right spot.

I let out a guttural moan. "Daddy, please." The words were drawn out and high-pitched, I slid myself to the edge of the seat, allowing his finger to delve deeper inside of me. He was staring at me now, his face filled with joy. His fingers stopped, my hips didn't. I pushed myself down against his palm, rolling my hips and meeting his eyes. His hand moved with mine making it impossible to achieve the friction I needed. "Billy!"

The car came to a screeching halt, his hand that was resting on the wheel was swiftly moved to my jaw, holding it tight as Billy leaned over the center console. His mouth was to my ear, his fingers suddenly coming back to life.

"Not. My. Name." He muttered aggressively in my ear, his hand moving to my throat and squeezing gently. A wave of wetness flowed to my pussy, his fingers feeling it all, he chuckled. "Hmmm, you like it when I get a little rough, huh?"

I sighed heavily, my entire body buzzing and electrified. He squeezed my throat again, only on the sides, still allowing a tiny passage for air to flow. Suddenly, his hand was off of my throat, his other arm pulling itself from my panties. His hands were back on the wheel, the car was moving, I was stunned.

"B-"

"What did I tell you to call me, beautiful?" He cut me off with a charming yet dark tone, his compliment dripped with aggression.

I breathed out a sigh feeling the tension between my legs grow. "Yes, daddy."

Billy took a sharp left turn into a tree covered private drive, the house it belonged to was at least 5 miles up the road and this drive was meant for their tractors. Billy parked the car on the side of the road, whipped his door open and came around to my side.

"Get out." He commanded. I obliged, shorts still unbuttoned and unzipped.

He leaned into the car, pulling the passenger seat forward and stepping aside, he gestured for me to step in. Again, I obliged scooting to the other side of the car as he climbed in after me, not forgetting to roll the window partway down.

In a moment, he was pressing his hardness to me, pulling me into a laying position in the back seat and kissing me with an incredible amount of tongue. I groaned in his mouth, feeling uncomfortably wet. I reached down, keeping him occupied with my mouth, and pushed my shorts to the floor of the backseat, leaving the thing piece of fabric between me and his crotch. I reached between us to undo his jeans, unzipping them slowly and running my hand up the length of him. He took a deep shaky breath and groaned. I pushed his pants and boxers down to his thighs, leaning up and placing a kiss on his chin.

"I need to feel you, daddy," I whimpered, squeezing him gently. He looked down at me, eyes filled with passion and aggression. I guided him to my wetness, letting his cock slide through it, using the tip to massage my clit for a moment.

"That's right, baby. Use my cock." He was short of breath, his knuckles white as he gripped the edge of the seat.

I ran my hand down the shaft of his cock, guiding him to my

entrance. I was soaking and already relaxed, he slipped into my pussy with ease and his eyes locked with mine as he bottomed out inside of me. We let out a simultaneous whimper. I clenched around him as he reached down to circle my clit, I moaned again, louder this time, tilting my hips up to meet him.

He started off slowly, teasing me with long strokes in and out until I was panting.

"More," I begged. "Please, daddy."

With that, he pulled out completely, leaning down to lick one long stripe up my pussy and flicking my clit with his tongue before delving back in with his cock. He pulled nearly all the way out again, slamming himself back into me roughly. I lost it, spreading my legs wide and resting my ankle on the headrest of the passengers' side seat.

"You like that, huh?" His voice was shaking, he was close and I could tell. He leaned down to me. "Don't forget to ask for permission before you cum, kitten."

His reminder pushed me close to the edge. "Oh, god. I'm so close."

He shoved himself into me with hard strokes and the noise of our skin slapping together filled the car. "Say my name."

"Daddy."

He shuddered and groaned. "Say my real name, Jane."

He looked down at me now, vulnerable, beautiful, his eyes filled with a world of pleasure and pain.

"Billy, I'm going to cum, please let me cum," I begged, my eyes never leaving the vast blueness of his.

"Beg me for it."

I shivered, almost falling off the edge. "Daddy, please. Oh, fuck. Billy, please let me cum on your cock." My voice was hitting octaves I'd never experienced before. "Please, I'm so close, just say the words and

I'll cum."

"Do it."

I tumbled over the edge of my climax, letting out an animalistic noise as he continued to fuck me. "Don't fucking stop, please don't fucking stop." I clenched around him.

He leaned down to my ear and in a raspy voice said the words that nearly pushed me to another climax. "Who said anything about stopping?"

I bit my lip as I came back down from nearly cumming consecutively. He continued, sweat dripped down his forehead and he sat up, watching as his cock was slowly engulfed inside of me. He groaned, reaching down to place his hand on my jaw.

"So fucking pretty." He stated, his thrusts were becoming erratic. "I'm close, but I want you to cum one more time for me."

That was all I needed, my pussy clenched around him, he reached down to toy with my clit, pressing on it roughly and using my wetness to circle it with ease. It sent him over the edge too, he took one last hard thrust, bottoming out, and emptying inside of me. He continued pressing into me groaning as his eyes met mine. I was making noises I had never heard come out of my mouth before, I felt my eyes roll back as he thrust several more times allowing me to ride my orgasm out. We collapsed together, his cock softening inside of me, his forehead resting on my shoulder.

It was him who broke the silence.

"Jane." He said quietly; I shivered at the sound of his voice.

"Billy," I responded.

He turned his head to smile and press a salty kiss on my lips. His face turned suddenly serious.

"I think I love you."

My body went numb as the words left his mouth and I immediately

regretted whatever look crossed my face. His smile dropped and he pushed himself up slightly.

"Sorry." He stated, sitting up to pull his pants up. He reached down and tossed me my shorts.

Before I had time to process anything that had just happened he was opening the passenger side door. Still dazed from my orgasm, I grabbed his arm.

"Billy," I said again, this time louder, almost pleading with him. I followed him out of the car after slipping my panties and shorts back on, not bothering with the button or zipper.

He was on the other side of the car, opening it up and looking at me over the hood with a questioning glare.

"Just get in, Jane." He stated, his signature eye roll making a comeback.

I slid into the passengers' side after readjusting the seat. He immediately started driving, not bothering to wait for me to buckle my seatbelt.

He turned the radio up the maximum volume, changing the station to one of his rock alternative favorites.

I immediately reached down, turning the volume dial all the way down. His jaw clenched, and I could tell he was fighting the urge to scream at me.

"I love you too, idiot," I stated blankly, my voice was covered with annoyance.

"Shut up," He said, he was fighting the urge to grin. After a moment, it sunk in for him. "Do you, though?"

I nodded. He nodded once back, smiling now as his burst of anger faded. His hand took its place back on my knee, I reached across the center console, running my fingers mindlessly through his hair. We headed back to the suburbs, our road trip unfinished.